

Talkin' Prairie Boy

Colter Wall

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Buddy's old man is back on the booze
He's swinging a driver at a big bull moose
That keeps getting on the goddamn property
Or so he says

Cigarettes are expensive and whiskey ain't cheap
And winters are bitter but the summers are sweet
And you can get some modestly priced smokes over at the Rez
If you're so inclined

Most of my time is spent in a big blue van
Just traveling the country with a five piece band
Pick a little for the folks and sing when I can
Granted I'm sober

And other days are for meant for chorin'
Just workin' at the ranch to stave off boredom
And keeping the calves from finding new ways to keel over
Just living the dream

I was cooling my heels down in Tennessee
Post 82, some buddies and me
And we were shooting the shit till we ran out of ammunition

Some dude overheard from across the room
Instead of minding his own he'd just as soon
Sit down next to us and join in on the conversation

Brought over some kinda beer
Something called a I-P-A

East Nashville kid in a cowboy hat
And he couldn't tell a shoe lace from a lariat
And the furthest west he'd ever been is Ohio

He's talking at me, says he's looking for work
And he don't mind getting some dirt on his shirt
And would I be so kind as to hire him on, well, oh, my oh
Surprised he didn't bring a resume

He says If you're doing fence then I ain't for hire
And if you're doing hay, then frankly, I wouldn't conspire
To ask me about doing that either

I said what are ya good for? He said plenty
I could see this conversation wasn't going any which way
And figured I'd do well to leave here
So long buddy
You can keep your IPAs

Yeah, this city life's sure got me tired
And it's hard for a prairie boy to admire all the
Concrete and the towering skyscrapers

So just as soon as I'm able to find my hat

I believe I'll leave and head on back
Home where the tallest buildings are all grain elevators
Long gone to Saskatchewan

Yeah, I'm outta this place and bound for the farm
I ain't taking no greenhorn along
I have a hard enough time just keeping track of myself

If you're in Nashville trying to look cool
But ya can't tell a pretty palomino from a mule
Take my advice and leave the buckaroo hat on the shelf